

## Spider-Man Nails

by Ace of Flower Crowns

Category: Spider-Man

Genre: Adventure, Romance

Language: English

Characters: OC, Peter P./Spider-Man

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-05-27 22:10:58

Updated: 2014-05-27 22:10:58

Packaged: 2016-04-26 18:54:21

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,087

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: A comic book artist, and former classmate of Peter Parker tries to get a patent on the Amazing Spider Man. And some crazy stuff goes down. Some pairing, but mostly friendship. New movie.

## Spider-Man Nails

Dark room, dark hair, dark clothes, dark neighbourhood, dark sky. Of course the last one was simply because it was four o'clock in the morning. I heard a glass shatter from the other room and my stepdad yell obscenities. I sighed, pulling the covers over my face.

"The cold never bothered me anyway..." I whispered, even though it really did and my step-dad was too lazy to pay the stupid electric bill.

I started singing Let it Go very quietly to myself until I heard my stepdad begin to make his way to my room.

"Get up Josephine, it's monday, and you have a job remember!?" He slurred/yelled.

"That's my cue." I whispered, tossing the covers off.

"Did you hear me!?" He yelled.

"Yes I did! Thank you very much!" I said, peeling my tank top off and replacing it with a button up navy blue shirt.

I pulled on some skinny jeans, and black and white converse. Then, gathered my comic book art supplies into a backpack and braided my hair into two braids like Anna from Frozen (I'd been doing it that way since I saw frozen), finally I grabbed my Hipster Glasses off my nightstand and my skateboard.

If it were up to me, I wouldn't be living two and a half hours away from my place of work but nooo... Stepfather knows everything. I opened my window, and looked around, grimacing at the rusty fire escape that I was about to climb on to.

I began climbing down the ladder with my skateboard wedged in between my legs.

I started off on my board, using my iPod as a source of light, but eventually dawn came and I didn't need a flashlight to see, but my legs felt like they were about to fall off. I plugged my earbuds into the 'Titanic' and hit shuffle. Bring me back to Life by Evanscence, perfect.

I finally arrived. "Hey there New York!" I yelled, causing several morning people to stare. "Just heading to work!" Peddling past several very angry Chinese ladies. " Again! Would have been here earlier but my stepdad tossed my alarm clock at the wall yesterday!"

I would have continued my monologue to no one but I ran into another guy on a skateboard. Literally ran into him, and we went tumbling onto the sidewalk, me on top of him.

"Oh God, I'm so sorry." I said, trying to untangle myself from him.

"S'okay," He muttered. "Just bones, and muscles, and organs."

"You two young people get a room!" One of the Chinese ladies scoffed.

I decided it was best not to reply. But turned my focus back to peeling my self off this random person.

"So sorry," I whispered, blushing really hard.

He slid out from underneath me and helped me up.

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute! I know you." He said.

"Omg! I know you too!" I said even though I didn't.

"You're the girl that sat behind me in LA and History." He said, grabbing the sides of his head.

"Peter Parker!' I gasped.

"Josephine! You messed with my hair with the back of your pencil every day!" He said.

"I remember!" I said, my cheeks flushing red. "I was just trying to get your attention."

"It worked." He said with no other explanation. "What are you doing here at six a.m?"

"I am..." I started looking at my watch. "Late for work, I've gotta go!"

I grabbed my skateboard and starting skating down the street.

"See you around Peter Parker!" I yelled.

"You too Jo!" He yelled.

"I like that, Jo." I said to myself. "Imma call me Jo now."

I arrived to my place of work, Aukele Comic's enterprises, just in time. Well, sprinting through the door, taking stairs instead of elevator, punch myself in like a maniac, just in time.

"Miss Josephine, You're late." Your boss said.

"Nnno... I'm not." I said, pointing at the clock the second it turned 6:20. "And I'm calling myself Jo now."

"Yes, metaphorically you are late." He said.

"But theoretically I am not!" I yelled, walking in to the cubical area, throwing my fist into the air like in the Breakfast Club!

My boss probably would have been angry if he wasn't laughing so hard. I entered the giant room full of boxes for people to be crammed in to six hours a day, and breathed in deeply.

I skipped awkwardly past several people, singing "First Time in Forever," from Frozen till I found my cubical. I knew it was mine, because of the printed out posters of Elsa and Anna, and especially Olaf, also from the models of the dragons from How to Train your Dragon, surrounding my rhinestone keyboard.

"Morning Jo!" Someone yelled.

"Perfect," I whispered.

For the past few days I've been able to spend most of the hours of my work day searching for pictures of Spider-Man on Google and call it "research".

I loved it here, it as so much brighter than my home. And I could stalk the biggest super-hottie in New York and get paid. Of course I had to be sketching pics of him too. Spider-Man that is. My comic company wanted to be the first to put a patent on him so that they could make The Amazing Spiderman Comic Books. If they did this then I would be able to illustrate most of them.

It was about 9:30 when my boss slapped a newspaper article down on my desk, startling me as I was practicing the spider design on my nails at the moment.

"Do you know who this is?" He asked, pointing to the picture on the front of The Daily Beugle.

"Just our friendly neighbourhood Spider-man." I said casually.

"Not him," My boss said, pointing to a smaller caption.

"Him!"

"Peter Parker," I read. "yes. I know him, we were rolling around on

the sidewalk earlier."

"I don't want to hear about your love life." He said, and I almost corrected him but the thought of me having a love life was really good. "I want you to ask him about the Spider-man, get us closer to getting a patent."

"You da man." I said, going back to my nails.

"Now, I meant right now." He said.

"Oh..." I said. "Alrighty then."

I began to pack up my things. "Right now." I muttered.

\*\*Hey, like I said, first story. And her step dad isn't abusive by the way, just not nice. Love, Your friendly Neighborhood Marrie Sue.  
\*\*

End  
file.